

**NEW CHURCH
FOR REDCLIFF
NOW ASSURED**

Canvassers for Forward Movement in Connection With Presbyterian Church Meet With Great Success—Have Over \$4,300 Now in Sight.

Success beyond their expectations is crowning the efforts of the managers of the Presbyterian church in their canvass for the Forward Movement in town. As has been explained pre-

The several churches met last Monday evening to receive reports from the different districts and wards. These were tallied up. It was found that the result of the drive up till that date was slightly over \$4,300.00. This was made up of cash on hand and definite promises for future payments in installments, together with donations of material to be used in the construction of the building. There is still

As there is a branch of the head organization of the church in Canada which renders financial assistance for the building of churches and manse.

The managers of the church building are pleased to announce that the building is complete. The church building is now open for the completion of both the basement and auditorium for use as soon as the building is complete.

There appears to be little doubt that satisfactory arrangements can be made so as to commence building operations as soon as weather conditions will permit.

The managers of the church and canvassers who a sister church wish to extend to the citizens of the town their hearty thanks for the liberal and cheerful manner in which they responded to the calls made upon them during the drive.

The Small Town And Its Problems

While the problem of improving conditions in rural districts and in cities has been widely discussed, the small town and village have been almost entirely neglected. Yet these have their own peculiar problems, and deserve separate consideration. The department of extension, in selecting books for its open shelf library, has not forgotten the little town, and those interested in this subject will find the following books suggestive and stimulating.

improvement; The Community Centre
and Educational Resources of Village
and Rural Communities.
These books may be for reading free

on application to the department of extension, Alberta University, Edmonton.

More Liquor Dealers Now Than Ever

Statistics submitted to the Legislature by Attorney-General Boyle show that there are more people licensed

In 1915 there were 260 hotels, 6

In 1919 there were 498 doctors entitled to dispense prescriptions. For charge, 224 druggists and 10 persons authorized to sell liquor for manufacturing and scientific purposes. Wholesalers and 11 clubs entitled to sell liquor, a total of 321.

negligible for the purposes of the discussion, this made a total of 722 persons now entitled to dispense alcohol in the province.

The reason for this situation is the emphasis that the attorney general laid on the point that the business is commercialized, and more persons there are interested in the sale of liquor, the greater will be the sales.

SPORTS AFFIELD

WITH ROD AND GUN IN WESTERN CANADA

True Tales of Real Experiences in the Pursuit of Game, Reminiscences of Past and Nearby Days, Life in the Open Places.

THE QU'APPELLE VALLEY AS IT USED TO BE—A SLENDID PLACE FOR GAME—SURROUNDING A BAND OF ANTELOPE—RUNNING COYOTES.

Quite recently Mr. Bradshaw, the Game Warden of the Province of Saskatchewan, voiced a warning that if game were not taken the wild game native to the country would soon become only a memory.

It is not so long ago since as good sport as might be found in America could be obtained within easy reach of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the Province of Saskatchewan.

The writer about twenty years ago put in the inevitable farm apprenticeship in the Qu'Appelle Valley not far from the present site of the town of Lumsden, and has a very vivid collection of some splendid sport.

Wild Duck Shooting.

During the wet years great numbers of wild ducks nested in the Qu'Appelle Valley and when fall came, every slough and creek bed contained mallards, canvasbacks and canvasbacks. In those days I did not trouble to do much flight shooting, but ducks that was reserved for the Little Canada goose. To secure a good bag of ducks all that was necessary to do was simply to walk along the river bank to the Qu'Appelle and birds would get up at every bend. It was an easy matter to fill your bag.

Prairie Chicken

The number of prairie chickens in those days was simply incredible. They nested everywhere, and there being little or no cultivation to disturb them, they brought out and reared their broods with success.

Early in September when the close of the gun. One might see their heads peering up out of the prairie grass or stubble, and when you approached them they would shooting opened they lay very close down and rise almost as your feet.

A Good Bag

I remember on one occasion whilst hauling sheaves seeing a prairie chicken run into the grass, took my gun, and walked after it. A pile of hay was almost at my feet and I shot them right and left. There were twelve in that flock and I shot eleven of them. The shooting was ridiculously easy as they lay very close.

There is not a bird that eats better than a prairie chicken, and the farmers, who as a rule are not very good wing shot, use some barbarous devices to obtain a good bag.

At a time when feed was scarce they would come in flocks around the stables. I have seen a farmer take a long board and lay it out in front of his stable, and when he would place a trail of wheat along it. The birds would soon discover it and pick it up, and a long line on the board. Then the farmer simply raked it from a side, and picked up the dead birds.

Thousands of Birds

Many years ago I made a trip in the fall of the year to Eyre Lake. The season had been an exceedingly dry one and there was no water in Eyre Lake. The lake bed was grown up with a great deal of pigweed and as I advanced the prairie chickens rose in clouds out of it. There must have been thousands and thousands of them. We got tired shooting.

Late in the fall prairie chicken would become quite wild and unless they were very tame they were hard to approach. When winter came however, and cold and shortage of food drove them from the stacks and buildings they would become as tame as domestic fowl if not shot at. In very severe weather they would seek refuge from the elements by burrowing into the snow.

Concealed in Snow

On one occasion on my way home after dark one winter night I had gone off on my horse to look just the gift when something struck me violently in the leg and a prairie chicken burst from the snow. After a minute they were getting up all about me. There had been a snow storm during the day and they apparently sought refuge beneath the surface.

I remember once seeing a prairie chicken killed in a strange fashion. A number of cows had reached some oak stacks and a boy on horseback was galloping after them to drive them away. He carried a long snake whip in his hand and he rode between the stacks a prairie chicken flew down. He struck it with the whip, the hawk circled its neck, and it dropped lifeless to the ground. The boy was very proud of his prize.

Wild Geese

In the late fall there was the habit of shooting anyone could imagine around Lumsden. The geese came in by hundreds of thousands from Long Lake to feed in the stubbles, and it was a poor marksman indeed who could not get a good bag.

They could pass the valley in aerial formation crying their sharp metallic notes and making a tremendous noise.

Occasionally a band of antelope would winter in the valley and a black-tailed deer might on occasions be picked up in a couple.

An Indian Hunt

I remember in the winter of 1890 a party of Indians who were camped near the intersection of the P. & B. and the Qu'Appelle killing a number of antelope on the plains just north of the valley. They had been to our farm house and had received sundry presents of tea and tobacco.

One morning just as I had finished feeding the horses a number of them rode up in a jumper drawn by a rather sorry looking pony. They could not speak and English and one of them seized me by the arm and taking me into the sitting room of the farm house, pointed excitedly to a very fine express rifle which my father had brought from Scotland, which hung on the wall. They obviously wished me to join them on the hunt but my parents being new to the country refused to allow me to go.

Late that night the Indians passed the house on the way to their encampment, and were on foot and on the jumper were found the carcasses of nine antelope; not bad for one day, considering that they used muzzle bore guns loaded with ball.

That had been a year of exceptionally deep snow and the antelope had come in a great band from the Saskatchewan country to the Qu'Appelle Valley.

Bogged in Snow

It happened that a prairie hen had swept the side hills in the fall of the year and there was little feed to be had. The birds were in the ravine where the welling springs had prevented the fire running, and the antelope were in the snow before a northwestern blizzard forced into this ravine for feed. The Indians surrounded them and drove them into the deep snow where they killed them at leisure.

I remember buying one of the carcasses from them and that was my first taste of antelope meat. I was at the time in the United States, and I went over to the north plain the day after the hunting of the Indians, and from the tracks there must have been a great band of antelope. The side hills were pitted with their sharp foot marks, just as a great drove of sheep had passed.

Survivals

Until about 1900 anyone who rode north of the Qu'Appelle to the Little Arm Valley might be sure of seeing a few antelope. After that, however, when the north plain began to be settled they retreated further back into the sol-

itudes, until they became very rare.

A few of them, however, still linger among the smaller valleys and creeks and only three years ago three antelope were seen in the Valley at the outlet near Craven.

Jack Rabbits

In these days we used to have good sport shooting Jack rabbits in the moonlight nights in the valley around the straw stacks. Moonlight seemed to attract them and there were two or three of them always skipping around the straw stack—particularly if it was one of the oats variety.

Chasing Coyotes

During the first snow there was good fun to be had chasing coyotes. When the snow was soft, and had not yet become crusted a rider on a good pony could follow a coyote on a good matter of fact a fast pony could overhaul a coyote on the plains.

Buckskin Jack

I had an old buckskin pony called Jack which was ridden from Montana with a bunch of bronchos imported by Robt. Simpson of Regina. One day a week when I got him; he was saddle galled and lame; and his back-bone stuck up like a ridge pole along the centre of his anatomy. I turned him out in the fall north of the Valley and had my doubts as to his being able to survive the winter. I didn't get him again until June, but he was a perfect picture. The first winter at rest had worked marvels with him, and the first time he was ridden he made some mild attempts to buck.

A Hot Chase

I was riding him from the Qu'Appelle to the Little Arm when I jumped a coyote on the bald-headed prairie. I thought this good opportunity to test his metal. Jack entered into the chase with proper spirit, and to my utter astonishment instantly commenced to overhaul the coyote.

After about a mile he obviously winded but the horse didn't appear to be in the slightest distress. As I galloped down upon him the coyote slackened his pace and turned a mauling grin towards me. Jack never hesitated for a minute, he put his head down and just ran right over the top of the beast, tramping him into the ground. When I got him pulled up the coyote was still kicking and I shot a period to his misery with a shot from a revolver.

After that I killed many a coyote with Jack's help. He was the fastest pony I ever rode, and seemed tireless. He seldom needed the spur and I must confess that he was a very fine express rider which my father had brought from Scotland, which hung on the wall. They obviously wished me to join them on the hunt but my parents being new to the country refused to allow me to go.

The Old Days

Unfortunately these days have passed, and the antelope and the ducks still nest along the Qu'Appelle River and the adjoining sloughs, and a few prairie chickens may be seen in a frosty morning along the river bank, the glories of the district as a hunting ground are departed.

The antelope have gone the way of most of the native denizens of the prairie; no longer the aerial battalions of the wild geese crying their shrill notes make the passage of the Valley; and the hum-drum activity of agricultural enterprise.

To Visit Rome

It is understood that the King of Belgium will shortly visit the King at Rome. This will be the first occasion upon which a Catholic monarch has visited a Protestant monarch, and the temporal power in that city passed out of the hands of the sovereigns.

Touring the World

Honorable Walter Scott, the former Premier of Saskatchewan and Senator of the House of Commons, was recently at Montreal in the city where the world which they are making around the world for the honor of the health of the world, and at the same time the most known and established one in the public life of the northwest.

Rural Appointment

Captain M. A. Wood has been appointed District Superintendent at Regina of the Soldiers' Settlement Board.

Minister's Death

Honorable C. A. Dunning and his family are at present residing at the Coast. A. Dunning is a member of the House of Commons.

AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL

The Use of Sunflowers

There is no better place than Western Canada for the production of sunflowers. In the past our farmers have been in the habit of raising them as weeds. Indeed they will grow as weeds if left to themselves, and the stalks seem to grow in the most fertile soil. In Montana, however, sunflowers are now being cultivated for fodder, and are particularly valuable for such. Sunflower meal, of course, is a most excellent fattening crop for cattle in general and a splendid milk producer for dairy cattle in particular. If properly cultivated it will give a far better return to the acre than even alfalfa grown under the best conditions. Sunflowers are an exceedingly hardy crop and flourish very well under dry conditions. Plenty of moisture, of course, causes them to grow larger but a good crop can be expected even during the driest seasons. In Montana a certain variety of sunflowers has been known to produce as high as forty tons of fodder to the acre.

Beach Hogs

There is a very strong feeling amongst hog farmers in certain portions of Canada in favor of the Yorkshire breed. For some time they have been gradually getting a foothold in Canada and the Iowa feeders are said to be taking kindly to them. They are one of the best types of hogs which has been so profitably raised in the corn belt of the middle western States. They have also gained an excellent reputation in future the same demand for animal fats as in the past and as a consequence bacon producers are coming into the market. The Yorkshire breed for bacon and should have an excellent vogue.

Jail Sentences

A Winnipeg dispatch says: Jail sentence without the option of a fine for persons convicted of violation of the Manitoba Temperance Act, which is the recommendation of the chief license inspector in his annual report, is announced as one of the provisions to be introduced in the bill amending the act which awaits second reading by the legislature. The bill also provides that any amendment will make it a crime for anyone to sell prescriptions given by a physician.

Wheat Straw

This season for the first time since the wheat harvest, producing grain there has been a market for wheat straw. It is, of course, only a temporary market because it was used for the purpose of making a great security of fodder. The average farmer in the past has been in the habit of burning his straw as containing little or no nutriment. It is now recognized in the intensively farmed region of the south and east has been a success. The following account was compiled by an American farm magazine of the amount of plant food contained in a ton of wheat straw: Nitrogen 16, phosphorus 1.6, potash 14.8.

A Warning of War

Henry Morgenthau, who was for a number of years the United States Ambassador to Turkey and who is recognized as an authority on international questions, gave an address the other day at Columbia University. He stated that unless the United States accepted its obligations in regard to international affairs that he predicted that the country would be involved in a great war within ten years.

Temperance Apologist Dead

Mr. Harrison Thomas, who a number of years ago achieved considerable prominence in connection with Mr. Carrie Nation in a saloon smashing spree, died in a hospital at Long Beach, Cal., aged 77 years.

The Killed Kaiser

There appears to be a general acceptance of the authorities of the Allied nations that Holland cannot very well surrender the Kaiser. The Dutch press has recently been devoting a good deal of attention to the subject, and the general idea struck is that the Allies will tolerate no such pretensions that the exiled monarch shall not again interfere with the peace of the world. It is again the Holland will offer to intern the Kaiser at Dordrecht.

Dixon Acquitted

John Dixon, member of the Manitoba Legislature, who was on trial charged with sedition last in connection with his alleged participation in a meeting held on July 1st, was acquitted.

CURRENT COMMENT

ON MATTERS OF PUBLIC INTEREST TO DWELLERS IN THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES OF CANADA

A SERIES OF ARTICLES DEALING WITH VARIOUS WESTERN QUESTIONS.

SOME REMARKS ON BUSINESS CROOKEDNESS.

It is very common in this Western country to hear the expression, "Oh, he-and-so is a crook," and it is heard so often that we are moved on this occasion to make a few remarks on the subject of crooks in general and the variety of them which infest Western Canada in particular.

Speaking roughly, crooks are divided into two classes—those who deliberately violate the law and take a chance of incurring its penalties, and those who, whilst violating the ethics of business and honor, still manage to keep within the law.

The person of the first class is not particularly dangerous. There is a penalty prescribed for him—he knows it—and he takes a chance with his eyes open; it is the duty of all law abiding citizens to see that he gets his just deserts.

The other is much more dangerous and insidious. To be a crook of the second variety is not difficult thing, particularly when you are dealing in your daily business with men of honor and integrity. They regard you as one of themselves and do not trouble to seek protection. If you have any business standing at all it is the easiest thing in the world to get away with a crooked scheme.

A crook who masquerades under the guise of a reputable business man is one of the most dangerous things on the face of the earth; and to repute to relate portions of his history often manage to obtain a reputation for business acumen and common sense. They bring their warped intellects to bear in devising pitfalls for the unwary; and they trade on the other man's word which they know will be kept, although they will break their word if they see personal advantage in it. They lead you on by spacious promises until they have your confidence and then they pick the flesh from your bones.

There are far more people of this nature engaged in business in Western Canada than any one dreams of. They will do you up for fifty cents or a hundred thousand dollars with equal looseness, and then dismiss the incident with a cynical remark that business is business and every man must look out for himself.

It is quite true that there is not a great deal of sentiment in business—nearly so much there should be—but nevertheless there are business ethics that should be as inviolate as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

The only way to get rid of this crookedness in business is to have it severely frowned upon by reputable people and any man who violates his word in business transactions should be left severely alone in the future. The rapid growth and development in Western Canada has inevitably led to certain loose methods in business that would not be tolerated in older established communities. Lots of men who pride themselves on their truthfulness do not hesitate to imply a lie, although they would not speak one. These men are infinitely more dangerous than those who come out boldly and invent a fabrication out of whole cloth.

Some little time ago there was a prominent resident of a Western city who has a fair reputation as a business man. He is intensely religious and is an officer bearer of the church to which he belongs. The late lamented real estate boom had left him with a lot of property on his hands but mighty little money. He owned one desirable property which he was most anxious to sell to relieve some immediate necessities. He made a round of the various real estate offices but achieved nothing until he came to the last one. The real estate man who enjoyed a remarkable reputation for conservatism and integrity, said to him:

"Yes, I can handle your property at your price; what commission can you pay?"

"Oh," said the vendor, "I cannot pay any commission at this price."

"All right," said the real estate man, "I cannot work for nothing; I will have to add my commission to the property."

This was quite agreeable. The agent accordingly summoned his stenographer and dictated an agreement, placing the property in question exclusively in his hands for a limited period to enable him to consummate the transaction. The owner was perfectly satisfied and verbally agreed to the terms. The stenographer took down the notes to transcribe them and the owner of the property and the real estate agent fell into friendly conversation.

In an unguarded moment the real estate agent disclosed the name of the party to whom he intended selling the property. As soon as he heard it the vendor fell into silence. "What?" When the girl brought the agreement, he said, "I do not think I will sign it. I can sell this property to the man you mentioned just as well as you; and can get the commission you add to it in addition."

Very patiently the real estate agent said, "But you agreed to do it, did you not?"

"Oh, well," said the other, "this is business you know, and there was nothing in writing."

The real estate agent then arose to his feet, tore up the agreement, threw it into the waste paper basket and said, "With all your boasted religion you are nothing but a common, everyday crook. Please leave my office and do not come back."

Instances of this kind are of all sorts, and the man you mention to the West at present and a vigorous attempt should be made by reputable business people to boycott those following such methods.

Saskatchewan Short Hairs

Will Grant, a well known publisher of the Regina, recently took some short hairs to the National Congress at Chicago. He said three cows at an average of twelve hundred dollars a head.

To Inter the Kaiser

The latest note from the Allies to the Kaiser, recently taken, was that the Kaiser should not insist upon extradition but asks that he be imprisoned in this kind of way to the man you mention to the West at present and a vigorous attempt should be made by reputable business people to boycott those following such methods.

The Kaiser's Note

The latest note from the Allies to the Kaiser, recently taken, was that the Kaiser should not insist upon extradition but asks that he be imprisoned in this kind of way to the man you mention to the West at present and a vigorous attempt should be made by reputable business people to boycott those following such methods.

TALES OF OUR OWN COUNTRY

SOME CHRONICLES OF THE DAYS OF THE WAR PARTY AND THE BUFFALO
STORIES TOLD AROUND THE FIRES OF THE HUNTING CAMPS OF BYGONE TIMES

A WOLF STORY

A RANGE RIDER AND HIS PURSUERS—A BATTLE FOR LIFE.

THE SCOURGE OF THE PRAIRIE

In the old days of the buffalo, there were two varieties of wolves which infested the prairie. There was, of course, the first and most numerous, the coyote. They were everywhere on the plains. Although unquestionably of the wolf tribe, they were not killers, but rather scavengers. They hunted rabbits and mice and other small things, and had there been hen roosts in the country, they would doubtless have plundered them, but as a general rule they contented themselves with scavenging on small, inoffensive animals and picking up what carrion they could get. They were known to the Indians and halfbreeds as *Togones*, a name which was the coming of civilization has fallen into disuse.

Big Wolves

The other variety was what was known to the hunters to the buffalo wolf. This was a strong and dangerous customer with a typical wolf appearance, and was endowed with wonderful cunning. This animal was larger and more heavily built than the tinier wolf common to the wooded country in the early days. It did not possess the pointed snout and rather graceful appearance of the timber wolf and was altogether of much more massive build.

There is little doubt that these wolves were of the same breed as the timber wolves, but from living on the plains, travelling long distances, and finding plenty of animal food, they changed some of the characteristics of their original stock.

In the buffalo days they were fairly numerous and some of them could always be seen hanging around the outskirts of a herd to pick up stragglers and attack any animals that might have been mired in a river crossing or otherwise incapacitated. If there were no weaklings to be had, they did not hesitate to attack full grown buffaloes, and usually succeeded in making their kill.

A Disappearance

With the disappearance of the buffalo these wolves apparently for a time abandoned Western Canada altogether. There was not one to be found between the Assiniboine River and the Rocky Mountains. When the Oxley and other big outfits in the late seventies began to trail in bunches of cattle from as far south as Texas, the wolves began to come back. They had abandoned the country when there was no beef for them to feed upon, and they followed the cattle in again.

Killers

For some years they were a menace to the stockman. They never consumed carrion, but killed for every meal. They were not particularly dangerous to human life but instances are on record in which they made it exceedingly unpleasant for a solitary hunter or a rider of the ranges.

Hunted by Wolves

In the early eighties there was a bad winter in the foothill country and in one region in particular a band of about ten buffalo wolves, driven by hunger, became particularly daring and vicious.

One evening the foreman of a well known cattle outfit found himself a considerable distance from the ranch in a lonely, desolate region. He had been riding all day, and his horse was tired when he turned its head homeward. As he passed a draw on the prairie he saw a big wolf come up out of it and eye him speculatively as he passed. He regretted that to lighten his horse he had removed the Winchester which he usually carried in the scabbard under his stirrup before leaving the ranch house. Had his horse been fresh he would have attempted to run down the brute on the prairie, and get a lesson about him, but that was out of the question.

The Wolf Cry

As he passed on he heard the deep-throated howl of the wolf repeated again and again. It was presently answered from several directions and he recognized the gathering hunting cry of these pillagers of the plains. He thought to himself that they had gotten wind of some poor animal out on the prairie and were getting ready for a kill. There was a crust on the snow and as he went forward at the running walk which carries the range rider so easily over the prairie, he realized that the ice and the snow were cutting the fetlocks of his horse and leaving a trail of blood.

Pursued

The white darkness of winter night fell while he was still ten miles from the ranch house. He became aware that something was following him. It was the days that the Blackfoot Indians still occasionally rode on a foray and he urged his tired horse to a better speed. Still that intangible presence hung at his rear. It could not be Indians they were not abroad in winter, and yet what else could it be? He stopped and so did his pursuers. There was nothing for it but to push on and he continued his journey towards the ranch.

All at once he saw a wolf appearing almost as friendly as a big dog. It trotted along keeping pace with the horse and apparently paying no attention to anything. The cattleman was not of a timid nature but when he glanced over his shoulder and saw several dark figures emerging out of the gloom behind him his hair began to rise, and he realized the wolves were hunting him. However, he thought that perhaps they might only be following the trail of blood which was falling from the legs of his horse where the crust had cut them. He pushed his jaded animal to a slow lope but still the wolf hung at his flank. This leader of the grey pack was not paying any attention to the blood trail. He could not shake his grin at distance.

In Deadly Danger

After a space the wolves began to close up and he realized that he was in deadly danger. Very suddenly upon him a solitary hunter or a rider of the ranges.

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snare cartridges in a convenient pocket. The drawing of the gun appeared to intimidate the wolf who had attended him so closely, and it fell to the rear, but not for long.

Suddenly out of the darkness two grey shapes, one on each side, overtook him at a lumbering lope. He fired very quickly and missed the first time. As the second streak of fire cut the gloom, a sharp yelp told that the bullet had gone true and one wolf fell over on its side. The other one, however, leaped at a moment of his horse. He drove his spurs home; the animal, tired as it was, made a sideways leap, and the wolf fell short. It's jaw coming together like the snap of a steel trap. Again he fired and again hit his mark, and the horse, now thoroughly panic-stricken, broke into a gallop. By this time he was mounting a ridge from the summit of which he could see the lights from the windows of the bunk house of the ranch four or five miles away. It was hard to perish in sight of home and safety and he made up his mind to sell his life as dearly as possible. The shooting of the two leaders had delayed the pack but they were not very far in the rear. He could see their eyes gleaming in the darkness when he looked over his shoulders.

He very coolly re-charged the empty chambers of his revolver and kept on. Presently another attack was made; the wolves pursuing the same tactics, two of them hustling forward in an attempt to hamstring the horse. He drove them back with pistol shots and another slow mile was taken from the distance that separated him from safety.

The Attack

As he crossed a tableland a gust of wind came up and stirred up a swirl of snow. Suddenly out of the smother a wolf leapt at the flank of his horse. The rider's hands were cold by this time and he had not the customary quickness in manipulating his weapon. The wolf made a slashing cut with his great jaws, and the tired horse collapsed as if its back had been broken.

Satisfied that its work had been well done the wolf stood back. The cowboy dismounted, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. He saw the wolves at the snow and watched him from a distance of about 25 yards, their eyeballs making little points of light in the darkness. Again he reloaded his revolver from his diminishing ammunition. Then it struck him that perhaps if the horse were left to them he might get away. He was determined, however, not to leave the poor beast who had borne him so bravely to be tortured to death by these cowardly brutes and he put a bullet through its brain. He then removed the heavy stock saddle with its trappings, and putting it across his shoulder with his face towards the wolves he backed down the trail. He had not gone more than a few paces before they were engaged in their horrid feast. He reached the ranch house in safety, his pursuers apparently being satisfied with the horse.

This is the only instance so far as we have heard of a wolf attacking human beings. In this case possibly it was of the horse that attracted the wolves. They always were fond of horse meat anyhow.

A Living Baricade

A number of years ago a traveller in the foot hill country came upon a remarkable scene. His attention had been attracted by a curious formation in a band of range horses which appeared to be performing a series of evolutions on a high tableland. It was a day in early spring, and there had been an unreasonable fall of snow. The atmosphere was raw and piercing, and the sky was dull

and overcast. His curiosity was aroused by the way in which the horses seemed to be acting, and he rode up a draw and approached them very carefully, for in those days the range horses were as wild as antelope.

The band consisted of about 30 mares, most of which still had with them their colts of the previous year, and a splendid grey stallion that was the leader of the band. The mares had formed a close circle with heads outward, in the centre of which the colts were penned up. The stallion, a splendid spectacle with high crest and mane and tail was galloping around the outside, and every once in a while making a hurricane rush at two buffalo wolves which were attempting to break the circle. When the wolves chase cattle they always succeed in stampeding the herd and then pick their victims at leisure. On this occasion, however, they were not succeeding in stampeding these mares and their colts, the least in the world. Under the leadership of the stallion they had apparently made up their minds to defend themselves on their native ranges. The traveller rode a splendid grey horse, and he determined to give the horses what aid and comfort he could. As he approached, the stallion ceased his patrols, and standing on a slight eminence to survey the approaching horsemen, presented a splendid picture of the wild free life of the plains. Under ordinary circumstances he would have taken his family and with streaming mane and tail have sped away to the hills at the first sign of a human presence. He was, however, in sight of a greater danger, and he knew it.

Watching Wolves

As the rider approached that living corral, the two wolves withdrew a little, but remained on the ground watching what might befall. The rider carried no firearms but as he approached he unconsciously long raw hide lariet which hung at his saddle.

The mares never broke their formation as he approached although the stallion made one or two tentative rushes in his direction. With his rope clear he spread his horse to spread and bore down like a hurricane upon the wolves. He was almost on top of them before they realized it, and with a swift cast of the loped rope, very deftly noosed the leader of the wolves. A twist of the saddlehorn and a leap of the horse soon ended the career of that assassin of the prairie. The other wolf raced away as fast as its legs could carry it.

As the horseman disengaged the rope from the dead wolf he looked up and saw the stallion leading his band at a hurricane gallop to the hills.

Disappearing

Of late years the advance of settlement has driven these big wolves to remote places and they are not the danger to the stockman they were a few years ago. There are still a few, however, which survive in the region known to the Blackfoot to the west of the Willow Bunch in Saskatchewan. One or two make their den along the Saskatchewan River near Swift Current, and in the Milk River country of Southern Alberta. Hardly a season passes but the Blackfoot Indians bring news to claim the Government bounty.

Two years ago the writer himself saw a buffalo wolf which had been caught in a trap within the fences of the Melnyre ranch not far from Lethbridge in Southern Alberta. As recently as twelve years ago cattlemen in the Wood Mountain and the Willow Bunch district lost many animals. But it is evident that with the development of the country and the increase of settlement they should eventually go the way of the other wild things of the prairie country.

GREAT DISCOVERY OF SODIUM SULPHATE IN SASKATCHEWAN LAKE

A NEW FOUND NATURAL RESOURCE PROMISES TO ADD WEALTH TO WEST.

MILLIONS OF TONS OF THIS VALUABLE CHEMICAL SAID TO BE IN SIGHT.

The discovery of a lake of solid Glauber salt or Sodium sulphate, occupying about one hundred acres and containing approximately two million tons of this commodity, which, in its raw state is analysed as ninety-five per cent. pure, as told by J. O. Williams, adds another interesting chapter to the romance of industrial development in Western Canada. Mr. Williams is at present busy forming a syndicate under the name of the "Soda Deposits Limited," for the purpose of exploiting this lake, which is located near Fusilier, Saskatchewan, on the Lacombe-Kerrobert branch of the C.P.R. Speaking of the large deposits of Sodium Sulphate, which lies just over the Alberta boundary, Mr. Williams says:

"The discovery was made by a man who was working with a gas drilling outfit near Court, Saskatchewan, in 1918. During one of his tours through the country he came upon what he thought was a large lake. At some distance, however, he noticed that in spite of the high wind which was blowing, the surface of the water was quite smooth. On closer examination he found that the 'lake' was a solid mass of white crystal. It was like washing soda and he took some samples which he sent away for analysis. He received a reply stating that the sample was pure glauber salts. He and a chemist staked the lake for mineral and filed two claims. I was in that district in the fall of that year and visited the lake. It was clear as ice and I walked from end to end on the solid crystal. It is about a mile long and one thousand yards across.

"We put down some test pits and found that the depth ranged from two feet near the Court, Saskatchewan, in 1918. By putting down a pit in the centre of the lake we found that it was fed by a spring which gave forth strongly impregnated water. Although the neighborhood was interested in the lake, a few seemed to realize its value. Later I met the man who had staked the lake and was able to make arrangements for the formation of a syndicate to work this deposit. There is a great demand for this mineral in the pulp manufacturing industry and there is no doubt of a ready market."

"It is estimated that there are over two million tons of sodium sulphate in the lake now, and I believe that the natural flow of the brine springs is sufficient to keep the deposit up to that tonnage, even when it is being steadily worked."

Winnipeg Appointment SOMETHING OF WHAT WAR VETERANS ARE DOING FOR COMRADES

Regina Man Gets Important Military Position.

Lieutenant-Colonel Perry, D.S.O., C de G, son of Commissioner Perry of the R.C.M.P., has been appointed general staff officer, rank 1, to Brigadier General Ketchen in military district No. 10, Winnipeg office. Lieutenant-Colonel Perry completed his course at Camberley, in England, in January this year, and immediately sailed for home, arriving in Ottawa at the end of the past month, where he met his father, Commissioner Perry. Lieutenant-Colonel Perry is a distinguished Canadian officer chosen by General Currie for the special course at Camberley. During the great war, Lieut. Col. Perry served as officer commanding the 13th Battalion, Montreal, and established a splendid record. His many Regina friends will be pleased to hear of his appointment to a responsible position in military district No. 10.

PATRIOTISM'S REWARD

A Sarnia despatch says:

With the continued enforcement of the vaccination order by the United States health officers on the American side of the St. Clair river and the present state of discount against Canadian funds, Sarnia merchants, now aided by the "Buy in Canada" campaign, are already reaping a great benefit and thousands of dollars that have been going to the river are now being spent in Canada.

Aroused by the action of the American senators who wish to deprive Canada of a vote in the League of Nations, members of the war veterans' organizations here stated recently that at the next meeting of their associations they would make a motion to have the co-operation of all citizens in opening a campaign to continue to "Buy in Canada" campaign, and that every possible effort would be made to have Canadians buy on this side of the border.

Large Loans to Soldiers.

Over two thousand soldiers settled on land in the province of Saskatchewan have had over three million dollars loaned them by the Soldiers' Settlement Board.

THE ADVANTAGES OF BELONGING TO THIS REMARKABLE ASSOCIATION.

Returned soldiers who have not joined the Great War Veterans' Association have been able to remark: "What has the Association ever been able to accomplish for returned men?" There are scores of answers to that question. One of the first that comes to mind is the free medical treatment provided for soldiers for a period of one year after discharge no matter what is the nature of the ailment.

The agitation for such medical treatment has proved an insatiable demand to returned men, first started in the Saskatoon branch of the G.W.V.A. in October, 1918. It was taken up by other locals in the province, later by the provincial committee, and finally granted by the federal government.

The above is only one of a long list. Others are secondary education for children, free dental or seriously disabled soldiers, a measure provided for by the Saskatchewan government, vocational training for men who enlisted under the age of eighteen, loans for men on completion of their vocational training, many amendments to the Soldier Settlement Act. All these originated with the Great War Veterans' Association and through the Association were brought before the constituent authorities able to place them into effect. They were carried to a successful conclusion by men who enlisted small membership. The object of the present campaign for members is solely to give greater power in obtaining further advantages for soldiers and their dependants.

It will possibly be noticed that the matter of pensions has not been mentioned. Pension is a completely separate matter from the first independent scale has been done after a direct appeal has been made by the Association. Pension was to be dealt with separately in another article.

The Personal Side

PROMINENT WESTERN CHARACTERS—SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE WE ALL KNOW.

ABOUT 'A' SCOTCHMAN.

Mr. Dornan, who is engaged in publishing in the Alameda Dispatch and a number of other useful activities, is an Irishman of considerable prominence, in the southeastern portion of the Province. He was in Regina recently and told the following story which may be of interest to some of our readers. Mr. Dornan has the graphic gift of description which belongs to his race, but which we cannot attempt to reproduce. It is as follows:

One day Saint Peter was standing by the Golden Gate looking outward when he described an unfortunate one away far off, toiling up the straight and narrow path. He turned to the Archangel Gabriel who was bearing him company and said:

"Here is a wretched Scotchman coming up here; I hope he doesn't get in."

Presently the Scotchman arrived. He was a hard-looking Aberdonian with a pursed mouth and an expression of righteousness.

"Well, what do you want?" said Saint Peter.

"I want to get in," he replied.

"And what are your qualifications?" asked the Saint; "what have you ever done in your life?"

"Aw weel," said the Scotchman, "I once gave a penny to a blind man."

"Did he do that?" said Saint Peter turning to the Archangel Gabriel. Gabriel consulted his records and said, "Yes, I have got it down here."

"Is that the only thing you ever did?" said the Saint.

"Well," said the Scotchman, "I once gave another penny to a poor widow with twelve children whose husband had been killed in the War."

"Is that everything now?" queried the Guardian of the Gate.

"Yes," said the Aberdonian, "isn't it enough?"

Saint Peter turned to Gabriel and said, "Give him back his twopenny and tell him to get to Hell out of here."

A NORSEMAN

Olaf Olafson, of the Saskatchewan Stock Growers' Association, is a stockman who has made good in Western Canada. He is of the purest Norse blood and in his operations in this country has brought out near these splendid qualities of persistence, courage and enterprise which has always distinguished his race.

The Norse people, particularly those who came from Iceland, have been amongst the best settlers who have ever come to Canada. They are thrifty and they are enterprising, and usually possessed of excellent constitution and physique. There is probably no place in the world where education is more generally diffused than Iceland. In addition to being well educated in all sorts of general subjects, the people are steeped in the ancient traditions of their country. Some of the splendid old heroic sagas which were sung by the viking bards more than a thousand years ago are still preserved.

At a banquet recently held in Regina of the Stock Growers' Association, Mr. Olafson made a witty and effective speech. He stated that the continent of America had been discovered by the Vikings of Iceland hundreds of years before Christopher Columbus, in his unwieldy ships, rounded Cape Finisterre and sought Asia across the Western ocean.

Mr. Olafson's contention is perfectly true. Columbus as an explorer of a daring seaman was not for one moment to be compared with Erik Leifsson, who in his dragon ship, the "Red Eric," adventured west through dark and stormy waters and landed on the coast of America.

The "Red Eric" hailed from Iceland and was manned by as brave a crew of sailors as ever went to sea.

These Norsemen touched at Newfoundland which they named Markland, which meant in their language Wood Country. They afterwards established settlements on a portion of the American coast which they called Vinland on account of the wild grapes they found growing there. Some people are of the impression that they landed on the coast of Nova Scotia, and others again think that the Norse settlement must have been in the vicinity of what is now the State of Maryland, in the United States.

Mr. Olafson has every reason to be proud of the race from which he has sprung. Many authorities are of the impression that the potent element of the British people is inherited from their Norse ancestors.

ISAAC COWIE

Western Chronicler

Isaac Cowie, who died in Winnipeg about two years ago, did a great service to the people of this country. He wrote a book called "The Company of Adventurers," which detailed, in its intimate phases, life on the plains of Saskatchewan, in the years immediately preceding the arrival of the first settlers and the railway. This book does not contain any literary gems. Its style leaves much to be desired, but it tells in an easy, conversational way of the adventures of the inmates of the Hudson Bay Post at Fort Qu'Appelle, and the manner in which business was carried on upon the Plains. Many instances of life in those early days are given in an entertaining manner and it also contains accounts of the Indian tribes and Metis families.

Mr. Cowie, who was a native of the Shetland Islands, came to Fort Qu'Appelle as an apprentice clerk of the Hudson's Bay Company about 1867. During his residence there he visited many of the subordinate or wintering posts of the Company, in what is now Central Saskatchewan, and had an excellent opportunity for observation. His book should be in the hands of

every resident of Saskatchewan who takes an interest in the history of the country.

A PIONEER

John McKay, who died in Winnipeg a few days ago, at the age of 87, was a real pioneer of Western Canada. He had been in the Province of Manitoba for sixty-five years, and passed through all the stirring scenes of the first Red rebellion. He was a close friend of Thomas Scott, whose execution by Riel within the walls of old Fort Garry was the greatest blot upon the career of the Metis agitator. He, with others, was held a prisoner at the time of Scott's death.

Despite the fact that Mr. McKay was well over eighty, he was hale and vigorous. A few days before his death he went on a long drive north of Winnipeg during a cold spell. He lost his mitts and the horses being very fresh he was compelled to drive with his bare hands. Of course, they were frozen and after some days' treatment in the Winnipeg hospital, he died from the results of the frost bite.

SCOTS TO THE FRONT

Men of the Great War Veterans

While the Great War Veterans' Association was casting around for officers for the provincial command, Scotchmen appeared to be the ones to catch the votes. There is President James McKay, Vice-President MacPherson and Secretary Cameron. The assistant secretary, T. S. H. Lohie, was born in Ontario, but he made up for the oversight by serving in a Highland regiment. He wore kilts anyway. They have lived up to the reputation of the Scotchman—they're canny.

M. A. MacPherson, the vice-president, was born away down in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. Like many Scotchmen in that country he studied law at Dalhousie University, Halifax, and then drifted west. He made the wise move westerly in 1913 and practiced in Swift Current. He interrupted that pursuit to take an active part in the unpleasantness with Germany lately settled to the entire satisfaction of the British Empire and her Allies. He enlisted with the 128th Battalion and served in France with the 10th. One of those accidents so painfully frequent in battle put him out of action at Arras in April, 1917—something fired by a German hit him hard. As a result he was invalided to Canada in October of the same year and some months later was able to resume the even tenor of his way.

When the Soldier Settlement Board wanted a good man to handle its legal business for Regina district, M. A. MacPherson was the man selected. He is on the job right now and though only a resident of the city a few months, he was elected to the executive of the Regina branch of the G.W.V.A. at the recent annual election.

JOHN WILSON MAKES FULL CONFESSION TO MURDER OF WIFE

ONE OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL CRIMES IN THE HISTORY OF SASKATCHEWAN

A DRAMATIC AND AFFECTING SCENE IN THE CELL OF THE CONDEMNED.

John Wilson, a former mounted policeman, who was recently convicted of the murder of his wife and sentenced to death, has confessed to the crime.

Wilson, when he came to Canada, had a wife and children whom he left in Scotland behind him. He was apparently a capable man and he secured employment as a special constable of the Royal North West Mounted Police. During his residence in the northwest he became enamored of a girl of the northern country named Jessie Patterson. He appears to have been genuinely in love with her and in addressing her he posed as a single man.

Apparently, quite unexpectedly, his real wife arrived in Regina from Scotland, and the couple stayed together. After a while his duties called him to the north where one day his wife joined him. He immediately drove her to the country on a game shooting expedition and according to his own confession he shot and killed her. He buried her body under a bridge and set fire to his car to destroy traces of the murder and the following day married Jessie Patterson. For some time all went well but relatives in Scotland began to inquire about his first wife and fearing detection he attempted suicide. He was arrested and his conviction followed in due course.

A few days ago there was a dramatic scene within the walls of the condemned cell at Prince Albert. The poor girl he had married after the murder apparently refused to believe in his guilt and his every action appeared governed by his infatuation for her. As the time of his execution approached remorse appeared to overwhelm him and he sent for his wife and in her presence he made a full confession of the murder to officials who were present.

Up till that time his wife appears to have believed that he accidentally killed his first wife, but when he admitted that the murder was intentional, she arose from beside him and started to leave the cell. He turned to her and said, "Are you going to leave me like that, Jessie; won't you kiss me?" But she made no reply and left the precincts of the prison.

Arrangements had been made for her to again visit the condemned man but up to a few days ago she had not done so.

A child was recently born to this miserable couple.

Pithy Paragraphs For Busy People

THE WEEK'S NEWS IN TERSE TERMS

Lansing Returns

Secretary of State Lansing of the United States, has tendered his resignation on account of friction with the President. In the correspondence published Mr. Wilson states that he feels that during his illness Mr. Lansing usurped some of the presidential functions.

M. P. Dead

David Marshall, the Unionist M.P. for East Elgin, died at Vancouver from pneumonia.

Premier Returning

An Ottawa dispatch says that Sir Robert Borden is on his way home to Canada.

Amembassador to Washington

A dispatch from London says that the Earl of Reading will be appointed British Ambassador to the States in place of Lord Grey. Earl Reading is one of these brilliant personalities of Hebrew lineage who have achieved distinction in the service of the British Empire. Sir Rufus Isaacs has been considered the greatest leading counsel in Great Britain.

Oil in Saskatchewan

The Imperial Oil Co. are arranging to drill for oil near East End in southwestern Saskatchewan. As soon as spring starts a thorough geological investigation will be made of the region. Mr. Taylor, the manager of the research branch of the company, was recently looking over the field.

Fined for Carrying Weapons

Joseph Gagnon of Wood Mountain, in the County of Regina, was fined \$15 and costs on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. He was arrested by the provincial police and pleaded guilty when brought before a justice of the peace.

A Farm Tragedy

A few days ago a coal oil lamp exploded at the Davidson farm, south of Elton, Sask., and Mrs. Davidson and her two infants were burned to death. Mr. Davidson had gone to the barn to do the chores but he had barely reached there when he heard screams from the house. He ran back and found his wife with her clothing in flames. He smothered out the fire on his wife and carried her outside and rushed back for the children. They were both suffocated to death before he could reach them. He wrapped his wife in blankets and carried her to a neighbor, but she died the following day after suffering great agony. She was only 28 years of age.

Hatches, Matches and Dispatches

Ninety-one babies were born in Regina during January forty-one couples were married, and forty-three deaths were reported.

Pressman Dead

E. F. Slack, president of the Canadian Press Limited, and general manager of the Montreal Gazette, died a few days ago with influenza. He organized the Canadian Press, Limited, in 1910.

Regina Appointment

Colonel J. L. R. Parsons, C.M.G., D.S.O., was officially announced from headquarters of military district No. 12 recently, as general staff officer of the district. Colonel Parsons was gazetted from Ottawa some time ago.

Seed Wheat

At a recent meeting of the Canada Wheat Board held in Winnipeg, the Honorable Seed Grain Commissioner made the request that the Board should authorize a reduction in the price of wheat at country elevators required for seed purposes in the dried-out areas. The Board, however, decided that this could not be done under the present order-in-council under which the Board was operating.

New Financial Concern for Regina

The Bankers' Trust, a subsidiary company of the Merchants Bank, is opening an office in Regina which will be under the management of Mr. Calloway, the final manager of the Merchants Bank.

Making Whisky

Two farmers of the Scotchby district, in France, were found to be distilling in connection with the distilling of illicit whisky and the provincial treasury was enriched by \$1,400.

Horse Sales

A horse sale market is to be established at Moose Jaw in connection with the Southern Saskatchewan Co-operative Livestock Yards, Ltd.; it is announced. The first sale will be held February 25.

Sniper Dead

George Stenish, Canada's most noted Indian sniper for three years in France, was found to be dead recently near his home on the reserve near Moravian Town. Stenish was the first Indian to sell after the outbreak of the war, joining the Canadian army on August 6, 1914. In his capacity as a sniper he is credited with having killed over a hundred Germans, but he himself escaped without a scratch. The Indian council decided that an inquest was unnecessary.

Drury Elected

Premier Drury of Ontario was elected in Ontario County a few days ago by a majority of over two thousand over Edward Stevenson of Toronto, a returned soldier.

Train Men Blamed

Julien Lowden, a special commissioner appointed by the Attorney General of Ontario, to investigate the cause of the recent wreck on the Canadian Pacific Railway near North Bay, has given as his opinion that eight people lost their lives because train conductors to huck and failed to obey instructions.

Germany May Try Criminals

The German government is a note in the Allies proposes that the persons accused by the Allies of international crimes and violations of the ethics of war shall be tried at Leipzig by a German court.

Hotel for Regina

Major James, the president of the Regina Hotel and Trade Association at a recent meeting of that body that the United Hotels of America were considering adding Regina to their coast-wide chain of hotels.

Police Commissioner Hounded

Commissioner Perry of the Royal North-West Mounted Police has been appointed honorary Aide-de-camp to the Governor General.

To Command Fusiliers

Captain W. J. White has been appointed to command the 193rd Saskatchewan Fusiliers with headquarters at Saskatoon. Captain White has a splendid record against.

Notable Rifle Meet

In the black year of 1914 the Provincial Rifle Association abandoned range and target and literally went to France in a body. All rifles and equipment were turned over to the Military Department and in accordance with war exigencies. As a consequence rifle shooting as a pastime languished.

Arrangements have, however, been made to reorganize the Association and a meeting with that end in view will be held in the Great War Veterans' quarters on Albert Street in Regina, at three o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, March 6th. Representatives not only from all former branches, but from those who desire to form new branches, are invited to be present, and where it is impossible for representatives to be present in person, they may send instructions to others to fill for them.

This will be a notable gathering of Saskatchewan rifle men and it is hoped that as many of those interested as possible will be present.

PEOPLE, BOOKS AND THINGS

A WEEKLY CAUSERIE OF CASUAL THINGS—
TREATED IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Romance Still Lives—The Death of a Dancing Girl Who Cost a King His Throne—America and the Saviour of Royalty—A Sad Irish Tragedy.

Each generation laments the death of the true romance but as long as men and women have wholesome human minds, and their imaginations are fired by tales of love, and adventure, and high intent, romance will thrive and live even though it may be an unfamiliar genre. The chroniclers of long ago who told their picturesque tales bewailed the passing of armoured knights who broke the hearts of maidens and of their ladies, and regarded the canons of powder and guns and cannons and the like as horrible and material things which destroyed all the proper and picturesque features of war. Yet many a romantic tale has been achieved since then. Our more immediate progenitors deplored the coming of steam as something dirty and ugly that could not by any figment of imagination be connected with the beauty and cleanliness of conventional romance.

There was many a sigh for the days of the stage coach which swept along the roads of England behind spanking teams of greys or bays or blacks as the driver, be, would have been a Frenchman or a Scotchman and his guard with his horn and blunderbuss might get stuck in the mud or a snow drift, or a highwayman on his Bonnie Black Bess might about the guard with a picturesque horse pistol, or with the passengers, and kiss the lady ones. These were only picturesque elements of the true romance, but they were preferable to a comfortable railway train with pullman sleeper and the accessories.

I once sat in the cabin of the Venus, a sealing schooner, and divine lines and an evil reputation like a Madonna-faced prostitute—like Black Bay on Graham Island and other skippers, over a forum of rum dinned a steamer as bearing the same relation to a real ship as a piano to a violin, the more are lots of people like him, who think that the race of blue water men lost all the romance that was about them with the passing of the bluff bowed East Indian who told half a story of his life in the Foreland on the homeward rop—rather stroll—and carried content to fight off the pirates with the knife-blind clipper ships that ran down their Easting around Cape Horn, and raced in through the Golden Gate in an effort to establish a new record between New York and San Francisco.

Yet it is a pretty bold person, who, with the great war to leeward, will say that romance is dead upon the face of the waters. Romance is everywhere about us and just so long as we have imagination it will continue to dwell in steamships and airplanes, and great industrial machinery, and transcontinental railways.

And so after this bit of moralizing I come to the subject of me off. I saw in the daily papers recently that Gaby Deslys was dead. Romance may have died with her but so long as she was in the land of the living it was very much to the fore.

Again he stole away to Paris, and this time when he came back he brought Gaby with him. His mother recognized "him" with his emerald emerald pointed out what had happened not so long before to another young European King and his courtship. It was all in vain; he was infatuated, and long past taking heed. He was a King and a lady was himself. The Royal Bourbon ancestors had set a good example when they sought relief from the evils of a royal life in a private business in high society and dealings with those lovely ladies whose names have been handed down in history.

So Gaby was installed in gorgeous apartments in a Royal palace, loaded with jewels and favours and was seen much in public with the King. State papers were brushed aside whilst he went driving for the love of a royal life in the proud Cardinal Legate of Rome was sent away without the formal audience which had been arranged for, because, forsooth, the King would not leave this French dancing girl. Gaby had come to the kingdom and she saw to it that she ruled.

The people of Portugal were incensed at this state of affairs, and revelling in grumblings became louder and more insistent. The King was most solemnly and supporters that it was his interest or his kingdom; he laughed them to scorn; what were all the kingdoms if the earth to Gaby's bewitching smiles?

So revolution became a fact, the King and his mother fled to England, that sanctuary of exiles from all over the world.

As for Gaby, she made one of her delightful mous, said "Pouf, for your Kings or Republic," and went back to her Paris pleasures. She went on the stage again and with her Royalist experiences behind her drew bigger salaries and larger audiences than before. She later went to America and became very popular in the movies, not because of her talent, but because in that Mecca of democracy, which affects to despise Kings and potentates, titles and nobility, even the mistress of a man who was once a King exuded an air of mystery and a musty royalty that was irresistible to the citizens of that free republic.

So Gaby died a few days ago after having succeeded in fixing her name in history alongside those of Countess Dubarry, Madame Pompadour, Diana Poitiers, and Louise de Valliere.

King Manuel lives very quietly near Richmond, in England, and wonder whether his regrets are intense for Gaby or the kingdom which he lost for her king.

The other day I met in a transcontinental train two Irish clergymen and an Irish member of Parliament, who had been addressing a series of meetings in the American Pacific coast cities to offset the propaganda of De Valera and his friends of Irish Republic notoriety. They told me that in the north of Ireland things were peaceful and prosperous. In fact that all Ireland was more prosperous than ever before in its history. They were patriots but moderate ones; there was no trace of the fanaticism or bigotry in evidence which we on this side of the water have been led to expect from those interested in Irish politics. They wished to remain loyal citizens of the British Empire, that was all.

There is no doubt that British statesmen have been making an honest effort to settle this interminable Irish question, but although the British are the very best people in the world to deal with quiet or foreign kings, Ireland has presented a problem to them that they have failed to solve.

Apart altogether from mistakes of policy and of action, there have been few—there have been some unfortunate bungleings in Ireland, that has seriously handicapped the British administration.

There was the grotesque tragedy of poor Sweeney Skiffington,

if that is the right name. This man was an innocent, sensible, sports who never harmed anyone or anything in his life. I am informed by an Irishman who knew him well, that he was always re-monstrating with drivers who whipped their horses, and he disapproved of cats because they used rats and mice very despicably. In short, he was what our American friends rather obscurely term a "bug".

During the Irish rebellion I understood he was quite active in a sort of futile way in endeavoring to restore quiet and prevent looting. He was abroad in the streets of Dublin shortly after the fighting, engaged in some perfectly worthy work when he, with some others, was gathered in by a very zealous sergeant in charge

of a patrol of soldiers. He and his companions were confined all night in a jail of sorts and in the morning were taken before a British officer who seems to have been a kind of criminal lunatic. Without hearing evidence of anything else, to the utter dismay of his subordinates, this maniac ordered that they be hung forthwith. Even at that stage the lives of these inoffensive individuals might have been saved had not a foolish adherence to military etiquette prevented other officers from interfering.

Of course when the tragic affair became known a cry went up all over Ireland. It did not avail in the least that another of the victims of this affair was a very loyal Scotchman who had been actively engaged in rescuing poor Dublin; Skiffington was an Irishman and it was some more bloody English oppression.

The officer in question was tried by court martial and sent to an asylum for the criminally insane. During the King's pleasure, it has been reported that he has been released after only a short period of incarceration.

It is characteristic of the situation that Skiffington was made an Irish martyr whilst the unfortunate Scotchman who perished at the same time is hardly ever mentioned.

L. M. Hamilton.

QUESTIONS
AND
ANSWERS

The First Missionary

Question: Who was the first Christian missionary in Western Canada?
Answer: Father Adrien, a young Jesuit who accompanied De La Verendrye in his first expedition to the West, was undoubtedly the premier missionary. He had intended to accompany the explorer on his westward journey but did not get there until after the death of De La Verendrye. He was killed with the son of Verendrye, a second son, who was on an island in the Lake of the Woods by war party of Sioux Indians. He was executed as a chaplain to the expedition by Father Mesmeur, also a Jesuit, who remained a number of years in the west. After the death of Verendrye, Frenchmen exploration languished and the war between the English and French which resulted in Britain acquiring the Dominion of Canada, diverted men's attention from the vast country that lay westward of Lake Superior. For about sixty years the people of the western country had no spiritual teachers. This hiatus was broken in 1815, when Father Proby, a Dominican, arrived in St. Boniface and established a mission. He afterwards became the first Roman Catholic Bishop of the West. Since afterwards several devoted clergymen of the Protestant creed came into the country, but the pioneers were Roman Catholics.

ABOUT MY GIRL.

They say the songs of angels
Are heaven's hall;
You ought to hear my sweetest sing
When'er I call;
They say it's a beautiful place—
A Paradise!

You ought to see my sweetheart's face
Through my own eyes;
They say her cheeks are gold
Beneath the rose;
Why, say, in my girl's town—behind
A Diamond street!

Sugar Shortage

It is reported that the city of Calgary is in great haste of sugar at present, and consumers are suffering accordingly.

CURRENT COMMENT

OVER-REACHING.

The very severe discrimination which has been made in the United States against foreign money is apparently having an adverse effect upon American trade.

It is natural that people will avoid buying at places where their money is at a discount. Great Britain has already announced that her own Imperial resources are sufficient for herself, and is seeking to do no more financing in the United States.

Furthermore, American exports to Europe are seriously falling off. Many steamships are now being compelled to leave New York with their holds only partially filled, and the statement was recently made that the export trade of the American meat packers, the largest single industry in the United States, has practically ceased as a result of the foreign trade situation.

Great Britain at present has seven months' meat supply available and other European countries will not buy on account of the ruinous rates of money discount.

It appears, therefore, as if Great Britain were rapidly regaining the sound financial position she held before the war, and will soon be in a state to ignore the piratical attacks which have been made upon her exchange by the money magnates of Wall and Broad Streets in the city of New York.

INDIVIDUAL EFFORT

"At present there seems to be a considerable element in Canada who are governed in their ideas by a desire for co-operation and government control.

Co-operation in some instances is a very desirable thing; and is a theory which sounds very fine and large. To have utilities such as railways, telegraphs, telephones, etc., which are greatly used by the people under the administration of the Government which is supposed to represent the population of the country is doubtless theoretically correct. Nevertheless, these ideas may be carried to such an extreme that it may stultify the business enterprise of the country.

Since history began individual effort has always achieved more remarkable results than collective effort. Too much co-operation and too much Government control takes away the element of personal ambition, without which the world cannot progress. The co-operative Utopia would result in stagnation.

The German system has been to convert men into machines and drive them to capacity. The British and American system has been to encourage personal enterprise to the utmost and there were great rewards for success.

Personal endeavor is adapted to the Anglo-Saxon temperament, and in the main is the only system that will be successful in countries where that potent race predominates.

LOUIS LAROCQUE AND THE GOPHERS

Louis Larocque is a very well known Metis of the Willow Bush district. Although for a number of years a grandfather he is only entering upon a hale and vigorous old age. He can remember the days when the buffalo were in thousands on the prairie around Old Wives Lake and the Moose Jaw Creek. The writer was talking to him the other day and Louis heaved a long deep sigh for the old free life of the plains. He said, "When I first came to this country the buffalo were all black on the prairie from Montaigne de Bois to the Milk River. By and by they all go and the cattle come; then there was antelope running among the prairie and ducks in every slough. Now the cattle go and the wheat farmer come and fence the land. Maybe pretty soon he'll kill off the gopher and we will have to buy our meat in the butcher shop."

Hail Insurance Agents
WANTED

In every locality not already represented.

Write us for particulars.

McCallum-Hill & Co.

REGINA, SASK.

The Administration of Estates is Our Business

If you are interested in the estate of a deceased person as Executor, Heir, Creditor or otherwise, and wish assistance in having the estate administered smoothly and

We are handling estates every day of the year and consequently can place at your disposal the experience, facilities and service necessary to insure satisfaction with the minimum of charge.

Will prepared and consultation free of charge.

The Saskatchewan Mortgage and Trust Corporation Limited
102 Dufferin Street REGINA

Money to Loan on improved farm
properties. Lowest
Current Rates. Applicants wanted, to obtain applications in districts where we are not already represented. Apply to our representative in your district, or direct to

National Trust Company

Capital Paid-up, \$5,000,000 Limited Liability. 100,000,000
Canada Life Building, 100 - Regina
W. C. STEVEN, Manager

ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST

Miss Williams was a visitor in Calgary last week.

Hal's Syrup, White Pine and Tea for that soup.

Miss Hamilton, of Medicine Hat, spent one week-end in town visiting her sister here.

Commencing last Monday school is now out at 9 o'clock instead of 9:30, as has been the case during the winter months.

Following the dance in Red's hall on Friday evening of the week under the auspices of the Forbes orchestra.

The annual meeting of the Medicine Hat-Redcliff football league will be held in McEwen's Hall next week. The exact date has not yet been set.

Mr. A. Van Koughen, who has been visiting his old home in Scotland for the last few months, returned to Redcliff yesterday.

J. S. Tuppe, of Lincoln, Neb., who is one of the members of the firm of Gibson & Tuppe of this town, was in town last week on business in connection with the business here.

A number of high school and eight grade school pupils had a sleigh ride out to Medicine Hat last evening. They attended the skating ring while in the city.

Although there will be no service in St. Ambrose church next Sunday morning or evening the Sunday school will be conducted as usual. Mr. G. O. Abbott will conduct the Sunday in the morning.

Do you belong to the crowd that was made happy with the bargains secured at our Big E-Kon-O-Me Sale? If you had better join now. These bargains will only last till our store closes Saturday night.

The E-Kon-O-Me Sale at The Hicks Trading Co's store is still kicking. It's the best store on Saturday night next. These are still a number of excellent bargains. Don't miss this opportunity of securing some of them!

His many old friends in town were glad to welcome back to Redcliff C. P. McEwen, who has been appointed manager of the Imperial bank here to replace Mr. Harcourt. Mrs. Routledge and child arrived with Mr. Routledge last Sunday.

Rev. Ross, who has been in the Medicine Hat hospital for the past few weeks, has sufficient recovery to be out and around again. He will remain in Redcliff for a short time before returning to his farm in the Box Springs district.

St. Ambrose W. A. will hold their Easter sale of work on Wednesday, April 7th, in the Parish hall. In the afternoon will be served from 3 to 6 o'clock. In the evening there will be a white dive and social evening commencing at 8 o'clock. Admission in evening 50c.

Intel Telum and Perfume at Hall's, the Rexall store.

Mr. and Mrs. Horn, of this town, received the sad news last Wednesday of the sudden death of their daughter, Mrs. Chas. Ridley, at Lethbridge, Man. Mrs. Ridley contracted influenza which developed into pneumonia of a severe type. Deceased leaves a husband and two small children. Mr. Horn left Wednesday afternoon to attend the funeral.

The concert given in the Amuse-Us theatre last Sunday evening under the auspices of the G. W. V. A. was well attended, the hall being again well filled for the occasion. The Forbes Quartet Orchestra furnished the instrumental part of the program. Miss Hamilton and Mr. Barnes were the vocal soloists and both again delighted the audience with their vocal selections.

In the list of men who candidates for the recent election service mentioned we notice that James Parry, a former resident of Redcliff, is the list for all Canada. He secured a total of 895 marks out of a possible 1000. Mr. Parry was residing in Redcliff when he enlisted with the 10th Battalion, and on returning to Canada he came here. While here he joined the local branch of the G. W. V. A. and is still a member of this local. Mr. Parry was at one time employed as bookkeeper in the Atlas Lumber yard here and his many friends will be glad to learn of his distinguished record.

Are you all fagged out? See your druggist about that spring tonic.

In 1919 there were 2,208 convictions under the liquor act in Alberta.

Mrs. John Ellis spent last week in Calgary visiting friend. She returned home on Friday evening.

Rev. Greenstreet and his mother left last Monday for Fernie, B. C., to which point Mr. G. Greenstreet has been transferred.

B. G. Hoover has been engaged as teacher for the Tarro News school. The school has been open since Feb. 10th.

C. H. Anderson, of Cupar, Sask., who is on his way home from the Pacific coast, stop-off here last Monday and was the guest of Mayor Butt.

Spring time is Kodak time. Kodaks at the drug store.

C. A. Steele, of Hemlock, Man., who is on his way to Calgary, stopped off here for a few hours yesterday to visit R. L. Stone.

Mr. Tom, Towers, father of Mr. H. Moore, returned to Redcliff today after spending the winter in eastern Canada.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished house on Fifth street, to couple without children. Apply P. O. Box 106, Redcliff.

FOR SALE—A small house and two lots centrally located. For particulars apply to E. L. Stone, Review office.

FOR SALE—Store fixtures consisting of small soda fountain, show cases, bluet case, scales, counters, containers and paper roll. For particulars apply to Mr. Wiley, opposite post office.

FOR SALE—Lot and house of four rooms, water and gas; one square from Broadway will trade for automobile. Address P. O. Box 15, Redcliff.

FOR SALE—S. C. White Leghorn, one cow to brother in two weeks, barn and chicken coop, few small articles of household furniture; all for sale at "low prices." Apply to E. G. Garland, First street.

FOR SALE—Snap, owing to sickness, Nos. 14 and 15, Block 47, lot 4, block 47; have clear title, these lots will take \$1,000 or more for offer. Apply to H. L. Smith, electrical engineer, Yellow Grass, Sask.

FOR SALE—Bowling alley and Billiard room containing two alleys and six tables. Barber shop with two chairs in connection; complete stock of cigars, tobacco, cigarettes, candies and soft drinks. A snap for cash. For particulars write or apply to Donald McEwen, box 117, Redcliff, Alberta.

FOR SALE—The frame building on second street known as the Presbyterian church. The building is in good condition and can be easily moved. It is suitable to be used as a school house and could be easily converted into a dwelling. Will sell at a snap. For further particulars apply to E. L. Stone, at this office.

NOTICE.

This is to advise that the partnership existing between C. V. Gibson and J. S. Tuppe, Redcliff, has been dissolved, effective February 22, 1920.

C. V. GIBSON,
J. S. TUPPE



Hotel Paradisa, Rockaway Beach, N.Y. after the most storm of wind and sea. The damage along the Beach is estimated at \$2,000,000.

CHURCH NOTICES

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.
There will be no service in the morning but evening will be conducted at 7 o'clock in the evening.

Sunday school 12.15 p.m.
The W. A. will meet in the Parish hall on Thursday afternoon.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Rev. Wm. Shearer, D. D., pastor. Services as usual morning and evening at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. In the morning the Rev. A. R. Schlegel, agent for the Forward Movement for Southern Alberta, will occupy the pulpit. The board of managers will meet immediately after the morning service.

In the evening the subject of Dr. Shearer's address will be "The Three Crosses." The sacrament of the Lord's supper will be dispensed at the close of the evening service instead of in the morning as previously announced.

Sunday school at 1.45 p.m.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Until further notice services will be held in Croes' hall on the fourth Sunday of each month.

CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN.

Morning and evening services and Sunday school will be held as usual hour. In the evening the series of illustrated lectures on the hold land will be continued.

A few minutes after ten o'clock on Friday night before a packed court room, Mr. Justice Simons imposed the maximum penalty provided by the law and sentenced John G. Larson to life imprisonment in the Alberta penitentiary on charges of attempted murder and highway robbery, bringing to a close one of the most sensational trials in the criminal annals of the province of Alberta. The gunman and alleged murderer of Constable Nixon was sentenced to life on each charge.

Town of Redcliff

March 4th, 1920.
I have this day impounded in the Town Pound, one brown mare, weight about 1,100 lbs., age about seven years, white star on forehead. This animal is in very poor condition, and running with this mare is a brown yearling filly, also a dark brown yearling filly with two white feet; no visible brands on any of these.

If not claimed by Monday, April 12th, 1920, same will be sold.

J. E. EVERETT, Poundkeeper.



PROGRESSIVE FARMERS'

A Branch of this Bank has been established in your locality to render you every banking service.

We suggest that you call on our Manager, and get acquainted. It is our aim to assist progressive farmers in every way.

IMPERIAL BANK
OF CANADA
REDCLIFF BRANCH,
C. G. T. HARCOURT, Manager.

GERMANS DEMANDED BY ALLIES WANTED.

A proclamation issued calls upon all Germans who believe their names to be on the list of men whose extradition is demanded by the allies, to make known their places of residence to the attorney-general.

Government Clyde Stallion

Parties wishing to breed mares to the Clyde Stallion purchased by the Government in 1917, will make application to S. G. Carlyle, Live Stock Commissioner, Department of Agriculture, Edmonton, giving name and registration number of mare. A fee of \$25 will be payable at time of service, and a further fee to be paid by the Clyde Stallion Committee and the Live Stock Commissioner, will be payable when mare proves to be in foal. The location of the horse in the province will also be decided by this committee, and arrangements will be made to cover the freight so as to equalize cost in partial return to the province. Particulars will be published shortly, but parties desiring to breed mares should make application at once. The sale will likely be ready to begin in the second week of May. The Committee will serve the right to view the list of applications and make such rules and regulations as may be deemed necessary regarding the services of this stallion.

S. G. CARLYLE
Live Stock Commissioner.

Saturday Specials

Owing to the high cost of living it will pay you to look over these prices:

BARGAINS.
Quaker Oats, Tides, 50c
8 Packaged Corn Flakes, 50c
4 Thin Tomatoes, 40c
4 Dutch Cleaners, 40c
2 Bars Palm Olive Soap, 25c
3 lbs. Old Holland Coffee, 1.50
8 Krinkle Corn Flakes, 90c
Blue Ribbon Tea per lb., 70c
Gold Standard Tea, 70c
No. 1 Dairy Butter per lb., 60c
Pure Strawberry Jam, 1.45
Pure Raspberry Jam, 1.30
Only 64 boxes of these apples left and why pay high price for apples when you can buy them per box at 2.50

NORTHWEST GROCERY AND FEED STORE.

THOS. C. ROCKS, Prop.
Phone 68. Prompt Delivery

BOWLING ALLEY

Billiard Room and Barber Shop

Soft Drinks, Cigars and Tobacco

Drift Beer Always on Hand

MAC'S POOL ROOM

Says Borden Will

Resume Leadership

Hon. J. A. Calder and Hon. Dr. Reid have just returned to Ottawa from New York, where they met Sir Robert Borden on his return from England. They stated that Sir Robert is much improved in health and will return to Ottawa before the end of the present session of parliament to resume the leadership of the government.

LIGHT DRAYING

All orders phoned to the Atlas Lumber yard, Phone No. 11, or to C. P. R. Station, No. 3, will be promptly attended to.

GOOD SERVICE GUARANTEED
J. L. WRIGHT

Watts Grocery Stores

Our Specials For One Week TO ALL ARE

3 Cans Pasta for 50c No Vary Wax Beans 20c
10 Jell'y Powders, Tuxedo, (they are A 1) for \$1.00
No Vary Canned Strawberries (Heavy Syrup) for 35c
Old Holland Coffee, per lb. 35c

Orders Called For and Delivered. This Means Service

TO THE FARMERS

We are again to the season when Farmers find it necessary to leave to put in their crop. We are prepared to meet all your needs and give you the same satisfaction as formerly. We judge from your kind support last year that you were satisfied.

Saturday Specials

Owing to the high cost of living it will pay you to look over these prices:

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Billiard Room and Barber Shop

Soft Drinks, Cigars and Tobacco

Drift Beer Always on Hand

MAC'S POOL ROOM

USEless. Space made USEable

Every home has some space in attic, under stairs or in the basement that's going to waste. Let us show you how to make it USEable space that can be made USEable with "Borden Board."

This kitchen, cloakroom, lumber is manufactured in large panels ready to nail and plaster walls or to attic studding. You can do such work yourself. Let us tell you about it.

ATLAS LUMBER COMPANY REDCLIFF

Seasonable Footwear

A varied assortment of latest styles in medium high top and low cut boots and shoes

Shoes for the whole family—and for the young too, at 50c a pair.

You will find wear and comfort in a pair of NEOLIN Soled shoes.

Neolin Soles are made of a special material, economy, for you pay no more for these soles.

You always find real shoe values at PARSON'S.

You obtain comfort, quality and style.

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A varied assortment of latest styles in medium high top and low cut boots and shoes

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